

Three Dog Night "Tulsa Turn Around"

Visit "[Tulsa Turn Around](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Oh, Lord I wish I had never been stoned,
'Cause when I get high I can't leave those women
alone.

Omaha sheriff and his boys getting' ready to
slaughter,
Lookin' for the man who turned on the mayor's
daughter.

Omaha honey had a hold on a hell of a thing,
Down in the holler ev'ry evenin' you could hear her
sing, yeah.

You know a funky butt a-showed me the Tulsa
Turnaround,
Stepped on my toes, turned me on and turned me
down,
Fit me like a hand in a glove, she taught me how to
love, y'all.

Five miles o' road between me and the hounds,
A rosey throat sheriff and his deputies trackin' me
down.

Wish I was back in Macon takin' it easy
'Cause when a man's gonna eat fried chicken he's a-
gonna get a-greasy.

Omaha honey had a hold on a hell of a thing,
Down in the holler ev'ry evenin' you could hear her
sing, yeah.

You know a funky butt a-showed me the Funky
Turnaround,
Stepped on my toes, turned me on and turned me
down,
Fit me like a hand in a glove, she taught me how to
love, you all.

Omaha honey had a hold on a hell of a thing, yeah
Down in the holler ev'ry evenin' you could hear her
sing, yeah.

You know a funky butt showed me the Tulsa
Turnaround,
Stepped on my toes, turned me on then turned me

down,
Fit me like a hand in a glove, she taught me how to
love, you all
/]

Visit [Three Dog Night](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.